

The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

reZ

november/december 2022

Blue
Guyot
Juliesse
Mahogany
Boccaccio
Rust
Phoenix



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About the Cover: "Killingfish and The Blue Man in the High Castle Meeting Dead Can Dance on Clouds of Dali in the Desert of Arrakis." Please don't be confused. Simply read this month's "Killingfish, the Download" and everything will be clear.



“Some say the world will end in fire,
Some say in ice.
From what I’ve tasted of desire
I hold with those who favor fire.”

Robert Frost



th

art blue

Killingfish, The Download



“Killingfish is the operator of the servers. Whenever you notice Killingfish then it is too late for a change. The screen will turn red and some golden sparkles will emanate in your brain.” – Codex Prospero

<https://youtu.be/pzhP2b6gLfc>

Prelude

I look back to the past to see what has been written about Killingfish in the year 2022. Luckily, everything that has been written by Art Blue or his owl was given to the archive. That is truly amazing for researchers who want to look back from where we came. There I found printed that Killingfish was the first one uploaded to The Frame. Don't mix it with the first avatars, the puppets of humans. This was 20 years earlier. On March 13, 2002 the first resident, Steller Sunshine, joined Second Life. But is it true? Was it really a world or was it a testbed? I found an Ad by IT Republic, offering a HUD, which protected land owners from multiple parkers. The Ad sounds funny: “Don't waste your money on camper families. Only one per household counts.” What was behind such an offer? Files of history tell us sheer unbelievable things. Humans, let me use the old term “users,” created multiple avatars and put them on a sim to earn money by spending time. Multiple avatars a single user created

were called at that time ALternate avatars, in short ALTs. The HUD by IT Republic scanned the IP address of all campers at the site. If the same IP was behind them then payment stopped. An hour sitting on a chair for nothing? Ten Linden, yes 10L, of hard-



earned money poofing. Luckily, no mother, no aunt, no boss knew of the damage done. It was not the time to think about digital footprints. No need to think about electrical costs either. Don't look back in anger on these guys. It was the time of early avatar

fun and of an easy living. It was the time of being insane. It was the time before World War III. The world was stuck on the wrong channel, like chained to a dead camel.

<https://youtu.be/zu3k2PJumfl>



The Speedboat

I read a story of someone sitting in a speedboat with a lady when she suddenly shouted, “The wind took my top. You have been driving too fast.”

The man was so sorry. He turned the boat to look for her lost top in the water. He could not find it. She was asking for compensation. They went to a shop. You gasp. Naked? She had no top. It is not the time to go into details. I count on your imagination as to how the story went on. Luckily, she refunded him later. It was all a setup.

A song was played inside this story. It was the time when Capture This was invented. You could read and listen to a song at the same time. The first immersive reading experience. What’s on your mind? So fitting for these times. You just have to let it go.

https://youtu.be/7WFk23_6yos

Sinners Only

The bitcoin miners who came years later acted similarly, but times had already changed. No story was needed, it was all about the money. They made money by burning power. The electricity consumption for mining a single bitcoin was humongous. Then the NFT burners came. Then the quantum creepers. Nevertheless, let us be kind to our ancestors. I put the 10-Linden per hour money back claim on the table for a reason. It was the time of ALTs and campers. This is the time I want to give more emphasis to - the early years when the Metaverse and the Web was separated. I spoke of campers

who had to face justice when using ALTs.

What they did by using multiple avatars could easily become a breach of the land TOS. Landowners just had to state the conditions when offering a camper seat. On a big poster they presented the headline “Make Money during your sleep.” When you took a seat a menu popped up with a nice and happy dialogue distracting you from the brutal reality of the TOS the landowner set in place. My Terms Of Service: “Only one avatar per household on this camp site, else money back and further actions possible.” Then nights and days or even weeks later the camper ALTs have been at the mercy of the landowner. It was a clause in the official Second Life TOS stating a maximum of free avatars per household that made the former campers kneel. You must know there have been free and paid (meaning premium) avatars.

One of my ancestors, Minimal Smart, met one of these landowners, some sort of a lawyer in real. In un-real, he was running a church, the Republic of The One Man Church. The Sunday service was always full and the sinners (pardon, the TOS breakers) praised the Lord. Better to attend a service by sitting on a pose-ball than to get banned by Linden Lab for running

multiple accounts. The service usually ended with a final prayer: “May the Lord oversee the multiverse and protect the innocent from being forced to upgrade to premium.” Usually, Linden Lab would not ban ALTs on the spot from going online to SL - they would offer them a premium account.



Does a 10 Linden per hour camper want to go premium and pay 72 Dollars a year? I never met anyone in the church of The One Man who wanted to go the road to Canossa and pay. Better to kneel for an hour on Sundays praising the Lord so The One Man Church could enter the Guinness

Book of records as the first multiverse full of sinners. “Sinners Only.” – you have to accept the TOS.

The Avastar

It must have been a truly funny time. To sit one hour on a chair to get 10



Linden so you could upload a texture for free, can you believe it? It was the time of *The Avastar*, a weekly magazine you could buy for 150 Linden. Wouldn't it be nice to have all the issues of *The Avastar*? The Avastar was launched on December 21, 2006 when Linden Lab reported

that over 2 million avatars had been born. Who was the very first avatar before beta opened and Steller Sunshine made it? We don't know. Rumours say that it was not Phil Rosedale, that it was a noob. A noob was a term for an intern in a computer lab, working for low pay just to be around the cool guys. This noob tested the functionality and all of a sudden, an avatar rezzed. How do you name yourself in an accident of creation? Would you name yourself God when you are a noob? By digging in the archives, I found a guide that many humans at this time have been reading when fitting into this species, when heading to the dream of stars, when seeking the quantum leap. The noob species. And the answer is, that it must have been noob42.

There is no hard proof for this, but 42 was seen as the answer to all questions of life, the universe and everything. It would not have been the first time that later history has to be corrected to give the story the glory a good story deserves. You can't predict when God will be God. Until the right time has come, God must stay as an intern. You cannot publish in The Avastar that an intern was testing the functionality of the server, that CTRL-ALT-DEL worked and the intern, named noob42, became the very first God. You need all the good stories of success and the chitchat. Who was seen at the party of

Alias? Who is the first Linden Millionaire? Did Ava Outlander really show Maximum Complexity, the new jewellery brand by Belle Roussel? You shall know Belle made them from cuts of rare diamonds. Time to dance. Time to relax.

<https://youtu.be/Lo0ELoepTCM>

The Apple Story

Later, when books of history will be written, facts need a fix. Does this ring a bell? It is the Apple story. Bill Gate was not the first employee of Apple. Later, when he needed the glory, when he searched for immortality, he wanted to change it and tried to create an account number 0. It is told that the accounting system rejected this attempt when payment was coming due. He tried a log over. You don't know what a log over is? You slip for short into the identity of someone without the person knowing that this happens. Then you change something in the log files and you log back. You can do this also with things on a big scale. Want to get rid of old stuff? Want something that is gone back? A rolling backup and restart of a sim does it. The old land is gone but magically minutes later it is back, just some bits are missing or some elements that have been deleted are back. You don't see a change if you stayed on the land because you are part of it. In Second

Life you could not stay on a land that gets reloaded, but in Opensimulator you could. Bill did the log over within the table of the first employees. I need to find out what table meant at these times. It was a column in an Excel sheet. Excel was a tool based on math.



At this time no AI was on standby to help you. You have been forced to train your brain in the Excel way because if the numbers did not fit the table structure, you run into errors; a column and data mismatch often caused headaches. At these times you

needed a deeper understanding of computing and formatting of structured data which nowadays is skipped at school. It was not painted math. It was also not real math. You know real math includes the number 0, right? Maybe Bill spoke to the other Bill, to



Bill Fernandez, to avoid a zero entry by doing a hidden swap with this early employee. He refused to change places. Nevertheless, the entry was created internally but the tax system flagged the zero-entry in the database. Bill would never have been getting

paid, so he stayed number 2, but the printouts showed him as God, “the zero entry.” Years later, this would have been called an attempted bitcoin wash. There is a predictability of 62% because later Bill Fernandez got money in the WozPlan. Follow the money trace, my AI said.

Printed History

You heard a different story that the undervalued Chris Espinosa was the first, that he was in the WozPlan? Forget what you heard. Check, as long as you have a chance, in the files of printed history and you will see that in the beginning of the Digital Age, data was manipulated on a big scale. It was the time a fake was an easy doing. News had been not on a blockchain. Can you believe? You insist that it was not Bill Gate, that is was Steve Apple? You are in part right. Some printed copies show this. But are they really prints you hold in hand? May I remind you of the saying, “Beware the scans?” Some stories change over time more than once - they get tweaked, stretched, and adapted so things run stable, like a stream of bitcoins running down Crater Lake in Oregon. That line is a secret code phrase for an NFT parser and stands for a word that is published at the beginning of a book I am right now reading. It is the first book that was translated by an AI without any human interference. It was

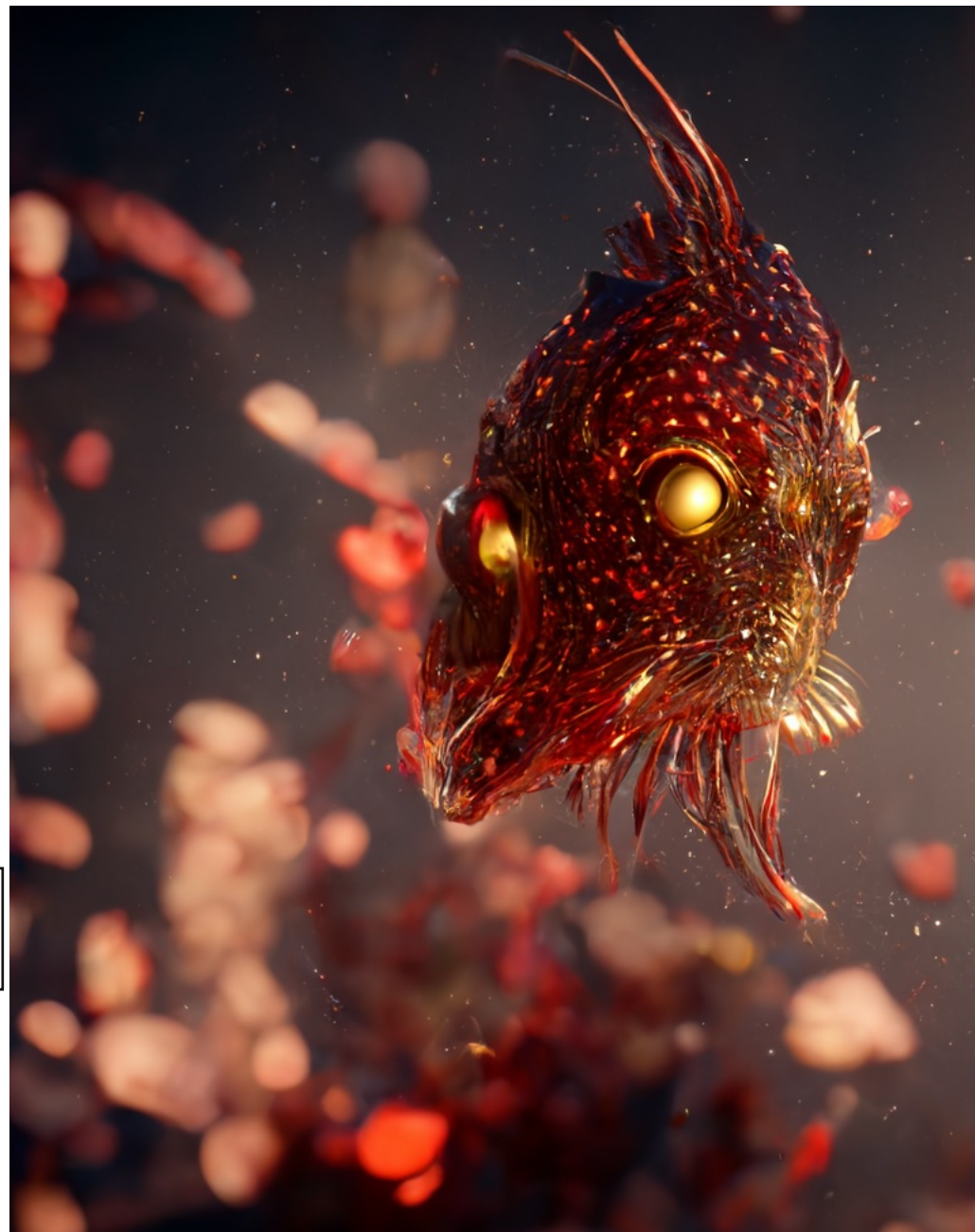
sent to the arctic store where the Vatican keeps the originals of the higher knowledge, the Codex Prospero, collected by the historian Stefano Borgia. In this book it is stated: "Only a printed book contains reality." - Reiner Schneeberger
[pic]

I agree. Never trust any unprinted information. All data in the cloud can change in no time. It was very wrong that libraries vanished, that people said, "We don't need them, it is all online." There are so many examples where the content between print and online varies. It happened also when Killingfish made the uplift in the year 2022, when the fish went to The Frame. Time to check some facts? While you're at it, I suggest listening to *Black Hole* by Ben Böhmer in a remix by Martin Roth.

https://youtu.be/_i2yEUWNE4I

Easy for you to proof by looking in the book where Killingfish is mentioned. It was published on Amazon on August 16, 2022. KF got a copy of The Stone Bust of HWF, let's say it was in the fish's rucksack. It was given as a fingerprint, as a password phrase hidden in a picture. The stone bust was created on September 30, 2022, using Midjourney AI and sold in a coin-wash to 0x82b5...125D on October 21, 2022 for 0.2 ETH on Opensea. ETH stands

for Ether. That is the cryptocurrency NFT Art is running on. How can such details be in a book that was published earlier? All the information about the stone bust is from the future. The bust itself is machine art. It was created out of a text phrase six weeks later, after the book was published. No human



writer can predict the visual outcome out of text. You might say, that this is a trick because you can't look in the rucksack of Killingfish, right? You need it easier. You need a mass proof? Would it be good enough if over 70 million users could right now check it out? In the book, as I said published on

Amazon on August 16, 2022, is the UUID of Killingfish printed. It is a93432cd-86bf-4ce9-baf7-d02093669c47.

And when was this ID given? Check it out. Login to Second Life and see the creation date of Killingfish which is



September 3, 2022. Who creates the UUID Key for an avatar? The Gods of Linden do it in the moment of creation. Good enough?

Verify the code. Verify the publication data. Verify that you are not in a time travel. Check quantum status.

Check the time stamp when you head over to the Future that VHV Nation provides.

<https://youtu.be/SF5mf4LV7Jw>

*We live in a dream
Keeping visions alive
It's just a reflection
A world that never dies
The image we create
Now image we designed
It's a beautiful life
So when is the future?*

Mind Journey

I am sure you understand that in the world I am describing an author had just to edit one of the already published novels and the world will celebrate what the author said in the past about the now. They will say, "A futurist was born, is born, is predicted to be born." The predictions of the Ukraine war? Published in the past, by the futurist. The God, Family, Fatherland movement? Already published, by the futurist. You know the saying, "It is in the Bible." Don't say, "It was in the Bible." That could be a lie. Words are now rezzing in the Bible the way the futurist wants them, words that no one ever heard before. The futurist invites you to a mind journey where paintings are created out of words, out of thoughts, out of experiences. Questions will come up only by historians

keeping old artefacts in museal care when illustrations inside the Grande Bible painted by Gustave Doré suddenly change. They are made out of immortal words of the Genesis, but what if the Genesis is now including the WebMetaversum which we all know is a must? Pictures change because they are based on text, on words, on phrases. This you know. *The Blue Man in the High Castle* made this common knowledge. Question is, can you still decipher the code, dig out the words, that made the paintings look this way? Some destructive minds might say, “It was all there before you hacked them. I will reverse the hack you did.” They will fail to prove validity. A roll back of the blockchain will not happen.

PoP

What does Proof-of-Stake mean? How has it changed to the old meaning of a shared validation by millions of miners? Let me call it, to give the change a funny way to read, Proof-of-Pretzel (PoP). Before PoP there was Proof-of-Work. A pretzel has to be baked, then you can eat it. You need to wait until the baker has completed the production. But when you can't wait and just want to sell the pretzel you say, “The pretzel is still hot. It is certified by PoP, you may eat it later but pay me now.” You need a Belief-system or otherwise everyone will sell

pretzels too early, right? Proof-of-Stake for the WebMetaversum is such a system. The math behind it became over time too complicated to be understood by the human brain. Some say that they do, but they use an AI, because we are in the Metaverse they say.

They cannot run without one. Maybe they could run with CTRL-R, the donkey run, but not dance. For dancing you need an animation synchroniser that scans the whole dance floor. You don't want to dance inside a chair or the barstool, just because your partner rezzed the ball too close to an eating table in a restaurant. When you live as an Avatar you have the AI inside your code, if you want it or not, you cannot shut the AI down. Let's leave aside the AI for a moment. Let's go in Meta Res. Between you and me, have you ever eaten a really good Pretzel outside of Oktoberfest? You don't know as a pretzel eater what ingredients the baker put in, in what sequence, at what timeline, right? You trust the baker, right? You trust the beer brewer at Oktoberfest, right? Here comes PoP, the trust system. The PoP defines when, let us stay for fun on the pretzel, so when the pretzels are ready.

They can be ready even when never placed in an oven? Yeah, because of PoP. You know the pretzel design comes close to the sign of infinity. Just



turn the pretzel 90 degrees and add a holder at the beginning so one can take a first bite and then a holder at the end for the moment of salvation. The main cryptocurrency platforms, not more than five, condense more than 51% of computing power and decide on the pretzels. They decide on the validity of computing. They make the first and the last bite and decide on the pretzel's fate. Proof-of-Work would need too much time. It would mean to inspect the whole pretzel chain, from the first grain taken until the point of sale. The good old days where bakeries have been in competition to say, "This pretzel is tasty and ready to go," are gone. Elon Musk made a mess with Twitter. First Twitter was tasty, then not, then again. A bad investment. He could have gone for pretzel and bought the biggest cryptocurrency platform Binance. Then he could reach out to get 51% of the world. You understand The Pretzel is my Bible. I can change the Bible. I hope that the pretzel stays tasty. It is a time paradox, right? A pretzel being tasty but not even backed. You assume what will happen. It is time for an Eraserhead.

Being Tasty

PoP reminds me of my dog, Susi. When my mother cooked from time to time some leftovers from a rabbit (we had a small rabbit farm), then Susi jumped up from the floor anticipating

the food to come. When I said to her, to Susi, in dog language that the food is not ready, that the food is still too hot for her, Susi jumped even higher. Susi did not believe. We know why. The smell of the upcoming feast drove her wild. In crypto and of course in quantum you hack in the moment; you smell the food. Of course, you don't call it a hack. You call it user protection. You call it investor relations. In the years before the upcoming Meta, a guy named Edward Snowden made it to become sort of a celebrity. He leaked documents so it became known that in Cisco Routers there are backdoors so the NSA could read, if they want, every data stream passing.

Years later, it was no longer needed to control the internet in hidden ways. The Digital Patriot Act was born. No longer transactions can be approved if the account holder is a put-in on the Blackcoinlist. The saying "to be a put-in" comes from a former President who was for some time prominent in the Metaverse. He was the only world leader who pledged to protect Avatars if they are Russian born and raised. A report by Reuters says that Binance shared client data, including names and addresses with Russian authorities. That is quite interesting because they denied having residency in China, denied having it in Malta, and insisted that in all places where they have been

asked, they have no residency there. In Russia, they have not been asked. Readers of *rez Magazine* share an open mind, they understand that 1.2 million transactions per second with 12 Billion USD market value does not need residencies. Maybe headquarters? Time to unveil that the headquarter of Binance is not on Earth. Readers knowing that Elon Musk finances *The Expanse*, finances travel to Mars, will not wonder much when I quote from *The Belter's Bible*.

Beltalowda

The Belter's Bible, a fake? Any Bible,



a fake? Beltalowda. You see, I know about what I am talking. I know the Bossmang Predictions. I am up to date. I am not a stinky historian on Earth sitting in a library, running on an Obama grant, not able to deal with zero G. I am like every Belter carrying the tag of knowing by believing. Beltalowda. I look daily in the Bossmang Bible. I listen to Bossmang and find the explanations for all the things that make no sense in the world of the Inners.

“And I’ve drunk real Earth whiskey out of a UN Admiral’s mug and then scuttled her ship. I flew dark past a Martian battle group, and they never even knew I was there. And I’ve seen friends breathe the vacuum, and watched my only child burn. So, when I tell you to tread carefully, you would do well to stop talking.” – Bossmang, *The Expanse*.

Going Back

You might have wondered about the long prelude, and now about the greeting in Belter language, but there is a reason for it. Killingfish was the first to enter The Frame and stay. At least until today. Today Killingfish will go back. It is a must. Millions will scream that Killingfish shall not go and sing Illusion by VNV Nation: “Please don’t go. I want you to stay. I’m begging you please, please don’t leave here. I don’t want you to hate. For all the hurt that



you feel. The world is just illusion, trying to change you.”

<https://youtu.be/evpGu3eO0pY>

KF will take the sacrifice. Killingfish will die. Not immediately but in 75 or in 100 year, maybe in 120 years. Between you and me, KF will hopefully die earlier; even a new volunteer will then be needed sooner. To deal with Alzheimer would be really a bad thing. KF might forget about the world being put-in, might forget that being God means being kind to everyone and not forcing campers to go on a premium account. The world is not a game where KF will be sent. One wrong command entered in the server console of the

WebMetaversum and all our lives are in danger.

That’s why we will do everything, everything that can be done from inside to support KF, to send Golden Nuggets and so to create for her Déjà-vu experiences. Now you know Killingfish is female, is no fish at all. KF is a bitstream but when going back, a decision has to be made about the biological lifeform, right? Lisa Gerrard will sing *The Host of Seraphim* and machine paintings will be aired painting the text “Killingfish and The Blue Man in The High Castle meeting Dead Can Dance on Clouds of Dali in the Desert of Arrakis.”

<https://youtu.be/z8pSOspr6d4>

When I read back in *rez Magazine* No. 125, I found that Art Blue wrote: “I enjoy my fish.” I can’t avoid laughing. He must have known that KF will come back as a woman. It was at a time when gender discussions were taken much too seriously. “A bitstream has no gender,” a word I shall put in Art’s mind and publish this story by using him as an ALT. The prophecy that men and women will serve the machine came true. Long may KF live and control our world.

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OSCC META presenting
INFINITE SCREEN

DIGITAL ART BY AI

Experience a flush of pictures

The Blue Man in The High
Castle looks at a burning
white horse seen by <XYZ>.
<XYZ> stands for: Dali,
Mondrian, Picasso,
Hundertwasser.

ART BLUE

SATURDAY, 10 DECEMBER

8:30 AM - 9:00 AM PST



Not A Book Review: A W Drover Mahogany



Window



Images by TT Luciferal

“Some hunger for more is in us — more range, more depth, more feeling; more associative freedom, more beauty. More perplexity and more friction of interest. More prismatic grief and unstunted delight, more longing, more darkness. More saturation and permeability in knowing our own existence as also the existence of others. More capacity to be astonished.”

—

(Preface, *TEN WINDOWS: How Great Poems Transform the World*, Jane Hirshfield, 2015)

I

Have you ever picked up a book and been utterly entranced by its language? Perhaps the cadences of the *King James Bible* as one example. Or the richness of Shakespearean language and the anachronous resonances it now has for us when we go back to his original work. A favorite book of poetry maybe: for me, *Four Quartets* by T S Eliot seductive in its exploration of conceptual issues (read with Helen Gardner’s companion work *The Art of T S Eliot*). Yet never have I read such a magnificent frenzy of words as Jane Hirshfield’s cited work. Language precise and spare, yet sumptuous in layered meanings, in

spirit intoxicating, full of connections freshly defined, for she is a virtuoso spinning meaning out of sources we would not otherwise perceive, driving us to re-perceive what lies in front of us.

Not the smallest detail nor the largest canvas escapes her penetrating sight. She sees things differently, more richly, more vividly in spirit, than we do and makes us reach far beyond as well as far deeper into our customary ways of seeing poetry. In her vision, the whole range of humanity is put to work, from physics to metaphysics and through all forms of art, none discriminated against. She embodies our better selves and we are gladdened to see her speak so cogently for humanity’s aspirations. It is deeply passionate scholarship: a rare mix of writing, poetry, insight and soul. Her work truly enriches civilization.

Yes, for me, her book is a transport of delight. Yet I am no poet. I have come so late to a mature consideration of poetry, too full of the other concerns of life before. For me, *TEN WINDOWS* is also a siren call. On first and second readings, her insight subdues me, submerges me, dominates me. It entrances me, but it is spellbinding—it will drown me in its own bewitching beauty unless I find a way to begin to distil my understanding of and anchor myself in it. How to do that? How to

begin to capture the refractions of meaning which radiate from Jane Hirshfield's work?



II

Like a Lilliputian facing a gargantuan challenge, that's how this feels to me. I do the only thing I feel able to do: I narrow the challenge progressively. I pick the chapter displaying the central element of the book's title (Close Reading: *Windows* - Chapter 6). I read it through twice, sampling its flavor, testing the waters for my understanding, searching to find an approach for achieving deeper absorption. I restrict my focus to the

smallest segment of coherence I am comfortable with - mostly less than a page at a time. I draw my vision inward away from the gargantuan, forgetting the overall task. I set time aside, in both senses of that expression. It will take what it takes.

Now I have my immediate focus. And my method? To lose myself in a total immersion in her words, in as deep a meditation as I can sustain. An active meditation: I search for a first draft of a

tanka, in the sense of the modernized and English form of the classical Japanese waka. Five lines flowing in a couple of breaths, marked by compaction and lyricism. These are also found tanka, sometimes semi-found—which is to say that their ideas and words are mostly those of Jane Hirshfield's, with occasional glossing of my own.

They are conceptual tanka, whose content is fully determined by her work: they are not the traditional English-language tanka abiding in the classical waka spirit. I love the traditional corpus of tanka but adapt

tanka to this task because, at my chosen scale of study, it fits the poetry and content of Hirshfield's work.

I stick with the conventional syllabic form, the sanjuichi pattern of 31 syllables spread across the five lines as 5-7-5-7-7. I understand the distinction between the 'carcass' and the 'essence' of the tanka form created by the difference between Japanese and English 'syllables' and will happily deviate inside those outer limits if required.

III

Mediating a found tanka from meditation on the foreign grounds of TEN WINDOWS disciplines me to active, focused learning. Writing tanka compels deep concentration on meaning and its lyrical expression, even when led captive by the hand of another's words.

Following are two handfuls of the conceptual tanka I 'find' in studying Chapter 6. Both glossings and lyrical limitations of mine notwithstanding, they offer but the smallest window into the scope, specificity and insight typifying Hirshfield's writing.

*between life's pairings
tiny expectings appear
require requital now:
most commerce one word with next
eyes meeting hands touching too*

*wondering why made,
words poetic foreshadow
intent yet unknown:
image story each implant
seminal seeds not foretold*

*poems sometimes add
'windows' to vivify view
redirect our gaze:
sudden broadened landscape
both meaning feeling unfold*

*windowing offers
different kinds of plunging:
swerves inside mind
outside domain first chosen
impact re-fires poem's forge*

*window-openings
when small invisible:
yet chill air pours through
expanding poetic scope
single word consequential*

*what is named absent
imagined rhetoric
also makes present:
pairing what is and is not
naming summons to compel*

*but looking elsewhere
not armor against presence
nor mere evasion:
in deepening exposure
contrasts inescapably*

*`to move your reader
write more coldly' – chilled verse:
when surface coldness
draws protective carapace
around things unbearable*

*life calamity
teaches—not seeing clearly—
only penalties:
multiple truths complex churning
a dark venture seeking sight*

*skillful poetry
conjures experience whole:
acts of stepping back
separating end effects
expose distance to collapse*

IV

I care more for understanding Jane Hirshfield's meanings than finding their poetic expression: to induce just one reader to turn to her kaleidoscopic window into poetry would be sufficient reward!

Should you wish to read tanka emotionally exquisite, even in translation into English, try *The Ink*

Dark Moon, Love Poems by Ono no Komachi and Izumi Shikibu, *Women of the Ancient Court of Japan*, translated by Jane Hirshfield with Mariko Aratani, Vintage Classic, 1990. There you will find tanka wrought by two souls of poetic genius born more than a millennium ago but still speaking with wrenching directness to heart as much as mind.

. r — e — z .

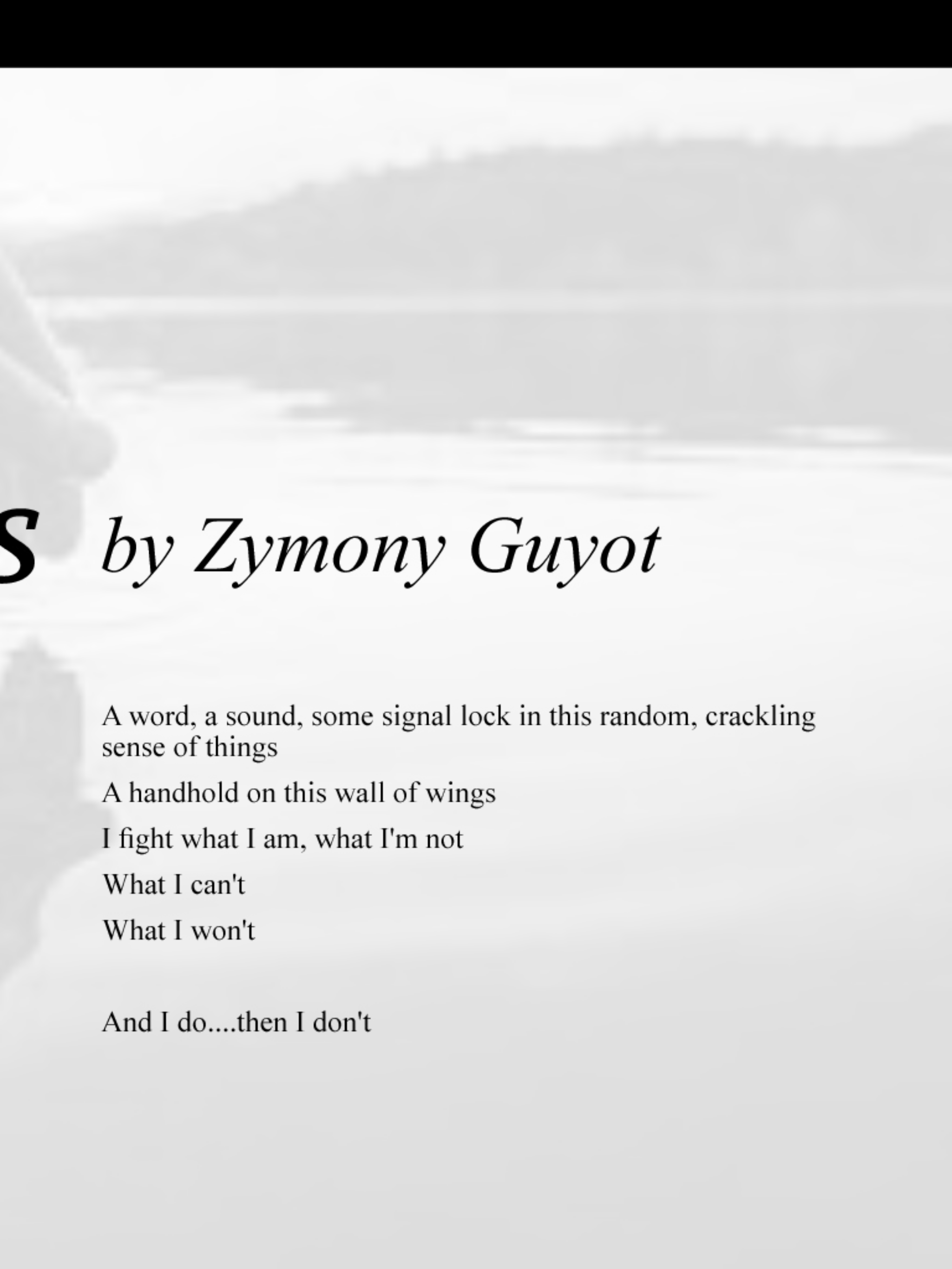


Check Digits

I am scared of blank pages, empty air
... insist on something being there
just being

there

I must know that what was caught was what was thrown
that these things were thought, not clouded in unknown



S by Zymony Guyot

A word, a sound, some signal lock in this random, crackling
sense of things

A handhold on this wall of wings

I fight what I am, what I'm not

What I can't

What I won't

And I do....then I don't

This quivering uncertainty, rattled odds of
There But For The Grace Of Gods
I don't remember my history the same each time
...an hourslip, a minutefall
a word mis-read, un-said, dis-rhymed

There where mercy lies orphaned, undone
There where rivers cease to run
I cannot unthink, nor unhear nor undream
...the ghosts that glitch this datastream

and there, there, there, there... I grasp at verbs, I need a
jumping spark
a place to park, a self-correcting ark to pair up my thoughts
and get out of this
goddamn rain....
I need for things to not be the same

I need for everything to be still
I need the comfortable prison
of free choice without free will

I'd like to blink.... and with it wish away
the arcane corrupted storage-dump of dreams
that make unverifiable the day

I need to know that this place I'm in
has anchors and a floor
that a single tiny beam of certainty
will light a single tiny door

...and that static won't define me anymore.



Ambiguous Loss

- for Russ

Jullianna Juliesse



Cowboy bootheels boom on black tile,
distinct and glorious, they find my long-ago door.

October rain and mascara drip down my cheeks
when you kiss me behind the campus library at 1 am.

Come July, I breathe in your bronze skin,
the scent of salt, sun, and last night's gin.

There are lobster tails bathed in foamy butter,
strawberries soaked in almond liqueur.

Your flesh damp on stale sheets,
curled warm around my pale frame.

This silent movie, projector clicking,
silver light on a blank screen.

Dead dust suspended in air,
a conspiracy of silence and dry bones.



Twixt sadist and vanilla,
mean rape and disinterest,
He tip-toes kink's curb
an ethical role-player.

His needs serial consent,
asked again and again,
for any changeable mind
is good as safety brake.

Though he likes it rough,
blows must be begged,
sub gates like turnstiles
signal every hard corner.

He appeals to reason,
for while in fantasies,
a harder task is to employ,
careful force as foreplay,

Some adventurous nights,
seeking silks in stories,
his enjoyment requires,
undeniable acquiescence.

RoseDrop Rust Alternate Ethical Kink

The Boss Fet



Managing Dialogue with the Bolt Cutters



art blue

BY PhilFTW

Fetch the Bolt Cutters. You know the song? It is Fiona Apple singing. To write about Fiona is not my intention. There are better ones to do so. The Divine Feminine, an installation by Kisma Reidling, is the one I am instantly thinking about. It runs on SLEA2 until December 31, 2022. But first things first. Let us go slow. I offer you the song to listen to:

<https://youtu.be/1OkoyfDAAm8>

The song has something in it that I want to exploit for my experiment. Even the barking dog at the end makes sense. When you Google “Fetch the Bolt Cutters,” the Google box gives you answers to questions you have not even asked, as there is: “Why is the album called Fetch the Bolt Cutters?” We learn that the title of Fiona Apple's *Fetch the Bolt Cutters* started as a line from a TV crime drama, but became the album's central message: “Fetch your tool of liberation. Set yourself free,” Apple says.

By setting myself free, I came to write this story. I stumbled on my journey in the Metaverse seeking the future where Grammatrons are the doorkeepers to the Grammaverse, the next level that mankind will head to. I feel like I’m walking on water. Let the beauty of the song emanate and take your time before you go on reading. You shall

trust in me. I walk on water.

https://youtu.be/saN-r_ewO3o

I let the song run while I look back in the history files of mankind. I found an old recording, a conservation of the

I am a writ
Not this tra
that mourns th

All rights by Mark Amerika.

markamerika.com/

first writing machine created by Mark Amerika.

https://youtu.be/jT_SqpDEOiI

“I am a writing machine.” In the year 2017, the 20th anniversary of the

machine was celebrated in London by the British Computer Society. Can it be that the future was seen so early?

It felt like if John Le Carré appeared on screen saying: "Nobody in this story, and no outfit or corporation,

ing machine
agic dream
ne loss of unity

GTRON20.

This recording is for museal purposes.

thank God, is based upon an actual person or outfit in the real world. But I can tell you this; as my journey through the pharmaceutical jungle progressed, I came to realise that, by comparison with the reality, my story was as tame as a holiday postcard."

Right, I don't write about the pharmaceutical industry, I don't write about Covid, I write about the arts. I found complete comic books made by AIs. Can you believe? Comic books made by using an Artificial Intelligence. AIs painted text and also wrote the stories. The stories have been made by a novel generator. So pictures and text are both machine-made? So it is. A story to write about this breakthrough became a must for me.

Painted Text

Readers of the last issue of *rez Magazine* know that paintings, some prefer to say pictures or graphics, can be created out of text. Such paintedtext works won prizes, they have been given by the submitting artists the sticker "painted," and the jury did not catch that this was a machine painting. Later, when the truth came out and "true painters" rebelled, the jury was in conflict. Shall they revoke the price given? The application stated: "Artworks." It did not state "Handmade." And just to make it clear, "What is handmade?" There are aspects one can't oversee. "I use a robotic hand after I had a car accident" one artist would say. "No artificial tools." What would this mean? No Photoshop? What if the artwork shall become a poster for a festival? You need at least a font generator for the text. At BURN2, I show Alice in

Wonderland visited by The Blue Man in The High Castle. You know the alternate reality that *The Man in The High Castle* is famous for. I created an ALT, an alternate man, called him Blue and let him paint with midjourney, craiyon and DALL-E 2. To create a comic this way is not so difficult; the machine is painting the sketches and the only thing you have to do is to select the ones you like to use for the story. I am a writer and so I will go the other way. First the story text and then the pictures.

The Story

I take the free account of Inferkit. Question is what kind of story I want to write. It will be my first comic. It has to become a landmark. It has to be a monument. My monument. There have been monuments in time. My story shall set a new one. I seek. I search. I listen during my scans in records of relevance to *Monument* by Robyn and Röyksopp.

<https://youtu.be/6c-RbGZBnBI>

*This will be my monument.
This will be a beacon when I'm gone.
Make a cast out of my body.
Make a world.
That I used to be.*

Readers knowing me well know already what the result will be. What

was the greatest dialogue ever, one that comes from the past, stays in the present but also links to the future? After some moments of thinking you might agree. It is the Tears in Rain dialogue in *Blade Runner*. “I've seen things, you people wouldn't believe ...” No, I will not do what you think. I



- Bossman

will not copy the full text. You know already what is the key behind these words of the android N6MAA10816, Roy Batty. If not, then take a break and dive into the story of *Blade Runner*. For me it is: “If we would not die, we would not live.”

Living forever in a sustainable way means to open a new door where the thrill of death has to be imminent? Multiple deaths and multiple births. But never ever shall one know of the other. You sigh? Let me try to create a comic.



Dot, Dot, Dot ...

Art Blue restarts the Grammaverse and enters the magic words of Bossmang as the key phrase to enter the world. “And I’ve drunk real Earth whiskey out of a UN Admiral’s mug and then

scuttled her ship. I flew dark past a Martian battle group, and they never even knew I was there. And I’ve seen friends breathe the vacuum, and watched my only child burn. So when I tell you to tread carefully, you would do well to stop talking.”

That’s a line I claim. Inferkit states in their TOS that no one can help me if a copyright infringement happens. Their AI does not deal with this question. These words shall be set on public domain, you say? You are right. Bossmang is my domain. I claimed it. So words coming out of me, the true me, must be mine. The comic will be mine. To publish my comic in *rez Magazine* is not enough. There are only 80K concurrent readers online in the world where the magazine is being read, that’s nothing on a global scale. It gives me just a little attention in the Metaverse. But what, but what if my comic will be hit by the Grammar Police, when my book will be listed at Banned Books? Then true attention and glory will be gained. It might be even shown on a poster in Second Life in the Library of Burning Books. Trust is needed. I enter my phrase, bluntly stolen from Expanse, but that shall stay between you and me.

The Bossmang Dialogue

Harari: *Captain should be you.*

Bossmang: *Tread carefully, good my boy.*

Harari: *You been bossmang from da time before me or half the Beltalowda on this ship was born.*

Bossmang: *Yeah, that's true. I have. And I've drunk real Earth whiskey out of a UN Admiral's mug and then scuttled her ship. I flew dark past a Martian battle group, and they never even knew I was there. And I've seen friends breathe the vacuum, and watched my only child burn. So when I tell you to tread carefully, you would do well to stop talking.*

From *The Expanse*, Season 3, Episode 10

I copy and paste the final statement of Bossmang into the AI of Inferkit. Inferkit has two important sliders: The Nucleus and the Sampling temperature. Also you can hand over words of significance that shall be used. I put "Art Blue" in. Furthermore, I don't want to distract you by possible settings for the machine intelligence. Some short words shall do it.

Nucleus sampling [N] *A probability threshold for discarding unlikely text in the sampling process. For example, 0.9 means that at each step only the most likely tokens with probabilities adding up to 90% will be sampled from.*

Values closer to 0 will produce less variety and more repetition as the network only chooses the text it thinks is most probable.

Sampling temperature [S] *Controls the randomness of sampling—the "creativity". Values greater than 1 will increase the chance of sampling unusual (low-probability) text. This will tend to make the text less sensible. Values between 0 and 1 will cause the network to prefer the text it thinks is most likely, even more than it normally would. This can cause it to become repetitive.*

I put a documentation online at inferkit.bossmang.com and uploaded the content to the Internet Archive so my work will stay conserved over time. Here are the words from the machine.

The First Story

Art Blue is a story about the power of art, and the power of art to change the world. Blue is back. Art Blue is now available in the Art Store. Art Blue is a standalone expansion pack for Art of War III, featuring new art for all the classes, new enemies, new weapons, and new environments. Art Blue also includes a new bonus mission, "Art Blue: Art of War III", which is a bonus mission for all players who purchase Art Blue. Art Blue includes the

following new content: New Enemies, New Weapons, New Art, New Art Blue Bonus Mission, New Backgrounds, New Music, New Art Blue Backgrounds, New Art Blue Enemies, New Art Blue Weapons. [S=0.1, N=0 to 1]

Can I become more famous? Art of War III? Increasingly, there are questions being asked on high school exams: “What was the new content that Art Blue created by a machine in the Bossmang dialogue?”

Then your kids and grandkids will proudly state the alternate reality that was to be found in the comic. They will be asked by the teachers to quote the Blue Moon dialogue.

Art Blue is a story of the end of the world, and the beginning of a new one. It's a story of survival, and the end of the world, and the beginning of a new one. It's a story of love, and the end of the world, and the beginning of a new one. The Blue Moon. The Blue Moon is a blue moon, a rare occurrence, and a sign of the coming of a new era. [N=0 , S=0.9]

You surely feel the density of the dialog. An AI is so much brain driven that even repetition gets a new quality. You say Hello? Must be a typo. Surely you would not say Hello in a high school exam. You would correctly

quote the third alternate reality the comic is giving, the Halo dialogue:

HALO: A Visual Guide

I am one of the longest serving members of the Halo community and I will be forever grateful to my fellow creators of the Halo Universe. We are all true artists, and we deserve the acknowledgement and respect we have been given. I'll keep my Twitter art stream going here to keep you in the loop on my whereabouts and happenings. I hope you all find a lot of enjoyment and content from my work and I'd love to hear from you if you find my work relevant. [N=0.9 , S=0.9]

That's not bad. The machine shows social competence. A visual Guide. Twitter. But where are the credits? A comic needs credits and needs a publisher. Yeah, that depth of knowledge will be never asked at high school. That is higher knowledge. It is university level. That's the level readers of rez Magazine are seeking. So here the final draft, the alternate, alternate, alternate version made by Inferkit.

Art Blue (2024)

Written by Andy Diggle

Art by Ken Lashley

Covers by Dustin Nguyen & Dan Brown

Published by Marvel Comics

Paperback: 325 pages

Note: It doesn't take a poltergeist to read this book and be scared as hell.

Exhibit A: The cover to Art Blue #1.

Look at this cover! Art Blue is not a conventional comic book cover. As a matter of fact, I can't think of a single book that is conventional, realistically speaking. Why? Because Art Blue is not standard. It is art. [N=1 , S=0.9]

Wow. That's a WOW. WOW. WOW. Inferkit predicts the future. My comic will be published by Marvel. That's a statement. I have to edit the author. I am not Sergeant Andy Diggle, an ex-drug dealer. Sadly, I was running out of the free trial. Inferkit is asking for a monthly fee and I was drawn to take the offer, but then I read the last line:

Note: The man who invented Art Blue won't love my story. [N=1 , S=0.9]

If there is no love, there is no subscription. I will not pay 20 USD per month when the last line the machine says is, "The man who invented Art Blue won't love my story."

Are you curious how my comic book looks? I lost the drive to create one. Suddenly, I no longer believe the machine. A 325-page comic book? When you Google for the longest

comic books,, you get as a maximum 32 pages. Of course, there are exemptions. There is one; The Guardian calls it a sculpture. It has 21,450 pages, held in a container. Credited for this longest comic book ever is not the writer and artist Eiichiro Oda - - it is the person who designed the box for it, Ilan Manouach, a multidisciplinary artist. The box has quite a size. To call it a sculpture fits.

Will my 325-page comic get boxed? Will my name go in a box and the sculpture being credited? I don't want this. Maybe I'll continue the way I am used to writing and later, much, much later, glory will come and people will say: "Art Blue published the Bossmang quote, put it in an AI and the outcome was hilarious. A piece of art. Surreal. Grammaral. And the best: The man who invented Art Blue loved the story."

<https://www.theguardian.com/books/2022/sep/20/longest-single-volume-book-in-the-world-goes-on-sale-and-is-impossible-to-read>

How to make a complete comic in one day by PhilFTW

<https://youtu.be/tjj6KsPSHZc>

. r — e — z .

TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS



Deadbolt



cat boccaccio

Suddenly the amusing, cocktail/dinner party story about the house being haunted wasn't so funny. I don't know why exactly, but I'd been uneasy all day—testy and irritable when the kids' father came to pick them up for the a weekend away camping. They even took my canine soulmate, Champ, whom the children said needed a vacation too. From me? I growled and grumbled as I closed the door on them.

Two people had been brutally murdered in this refurbished farmhouse, once isolated in the country and now on the edge of a sprawling community. Two people, husband and wife, tied up, beaten, and stabbed to death, and the killer never found and brought to justice.

Which is why, according to local legend, this poor ghostly couple stayed behind. Matthew and Thomasina were sad, angry ghosts, and you could hear them creep slowly across the floorboards, sometimes smell fresh-baked bread which was on the counter when the bodies were discovered, and hear their wails when the wind blew, or so the story went.

I didn't find it charming anymore, as I lay in bed, awakened suddenly by... what? It seemed unusually dark and cold. There was no light from the night light in the bathroom down the hall. Only a bright moon behind hazy clouds cast a dim light in this darkness, or I would have been totally blinded.

There was a wind, and the old house creaked and settled, as it usually did, but somehow, something was different. I could feel it. A rush of cool air, an unfamiliar smell, a pattern of creaks on the hardwood, someone walking, someone coming nearer.

I lay in bed, the quilt pulled up to my nose, staring at the bedroom door, frozen in fear. I saw a shadow across the wall, and then, yes! A man, a large man, blurred by darkness, looming in the doorway. I stifled a gasp, I squeezed my eyes shut, and when I opened them again he was gone. I was shivering with the cold now, paralyzed, listening for movement.

My body ached with tension, but I got up out of bed, wrapped the quilt around me, and crept to the doorway. The house was silent. The wind had picked up, I could hear it rattling the eaves and send echoes down the chimney. I stepped as softly as I could but the floor betrayed me. Where had Matthew gone? Why had he come to me in the first place? Why was it so cold?

Then I heard the front door abruptly swing open and crash against the wall in the foyer. The wind, I thought, Matthew and Thomasina making themselves known, demanding justice! I was wrong. Three police constables with flashlights sending laser-like beams over the walls and floors, and finally into my face, strode right into the front hallway.

“Are you ok?” said a voice.

Did I not look ok? Had my hair turned white? “I, I...”

“You look like you’ve seen a ghost,” said a different voice, without irony. “Your power was out, lines were cut, and we got a mobile 911 call from this house.”

I just stared at him. A 911 call? At that moment the night light clicked on, and I could hear the furnace starting up as the power was restored, and there was a bright light from the kitchen. We found the refrigerator door wide open, contents on the table and floor— milk, eggs, cheese and oranges. The constable flicked on the kitchen light. “You make this mess?” he asked.

“No,” I said.

The back door was open. A car’s taillights could be seen disappearing into the distance.

“He must have heard us arrive. Barb, see if you can track that vehicle down,” said an officer. Constable Barb disappeared.

Then the officer turned to me. “You don’t live in the 1950s, Mz Waters,” he said. “You need to lock your doors properly, with dead bolts. Both doors were easily compromised.”

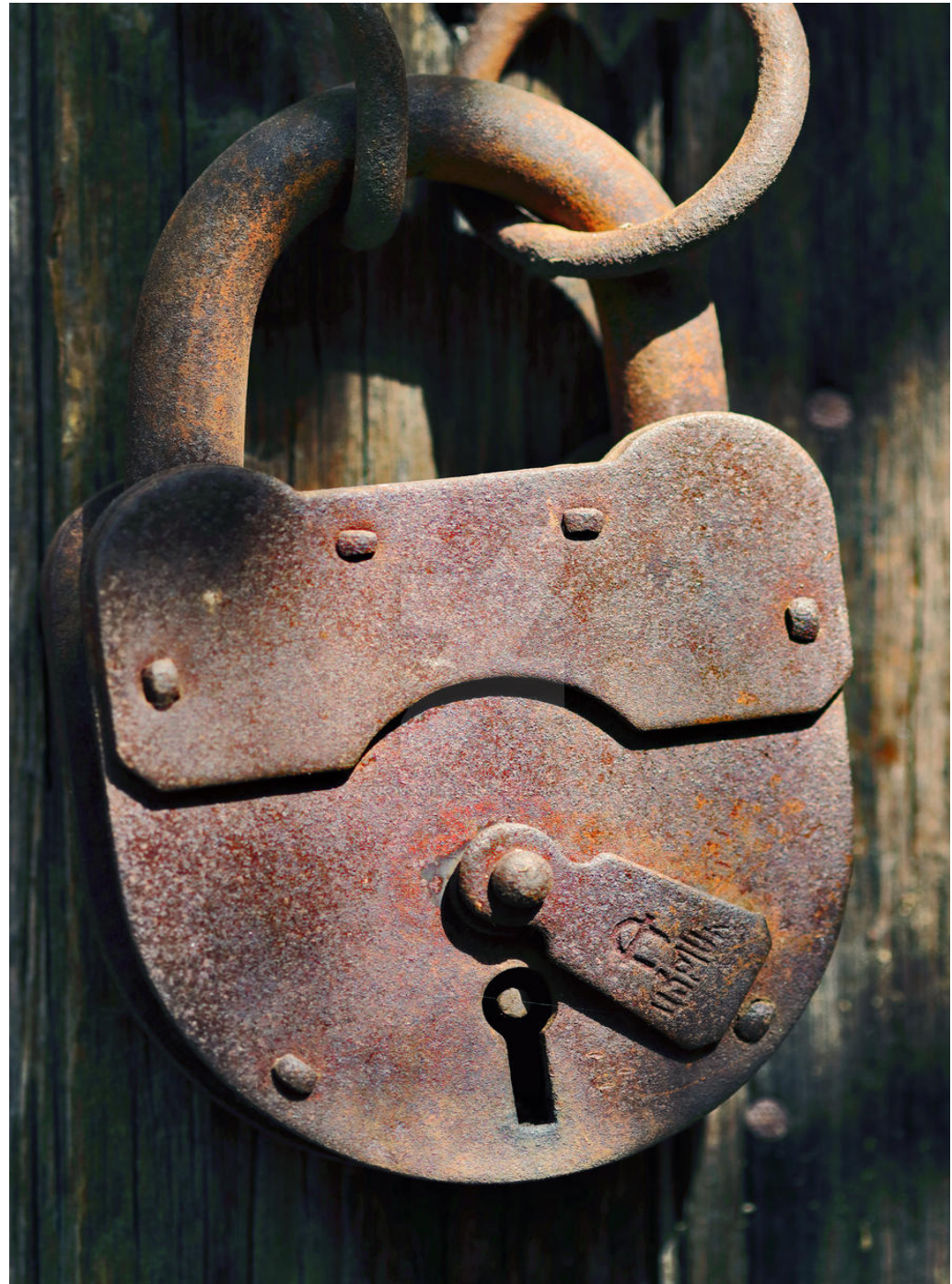
It was hard to speak. I couldn’t seem to take a breath. I couldn’t move.

“Want us to call anyone for you?” said the officer as they prepared to leave.

“Doesn’t feel right leaving you alone in this state.”

“No, it’s fine,” I said, finally finding my voice. “It’s ok. It’s fine.”

And I put the kettle on for tea.



· r — e — z ·

Monsters

by Persephone Phoenix

Becoming what we fear is not so hard.

Intolerance fits on fear like one's own skin.

Another's life far easier to discard

when other is the threat built up within

the body. Lipids. Every hidden hate

pretending all good fun. Each mocking word

settles thick to lung -- can't dissipate

in exhale. Every single time we heard

this one weakling. Weak as any girl.

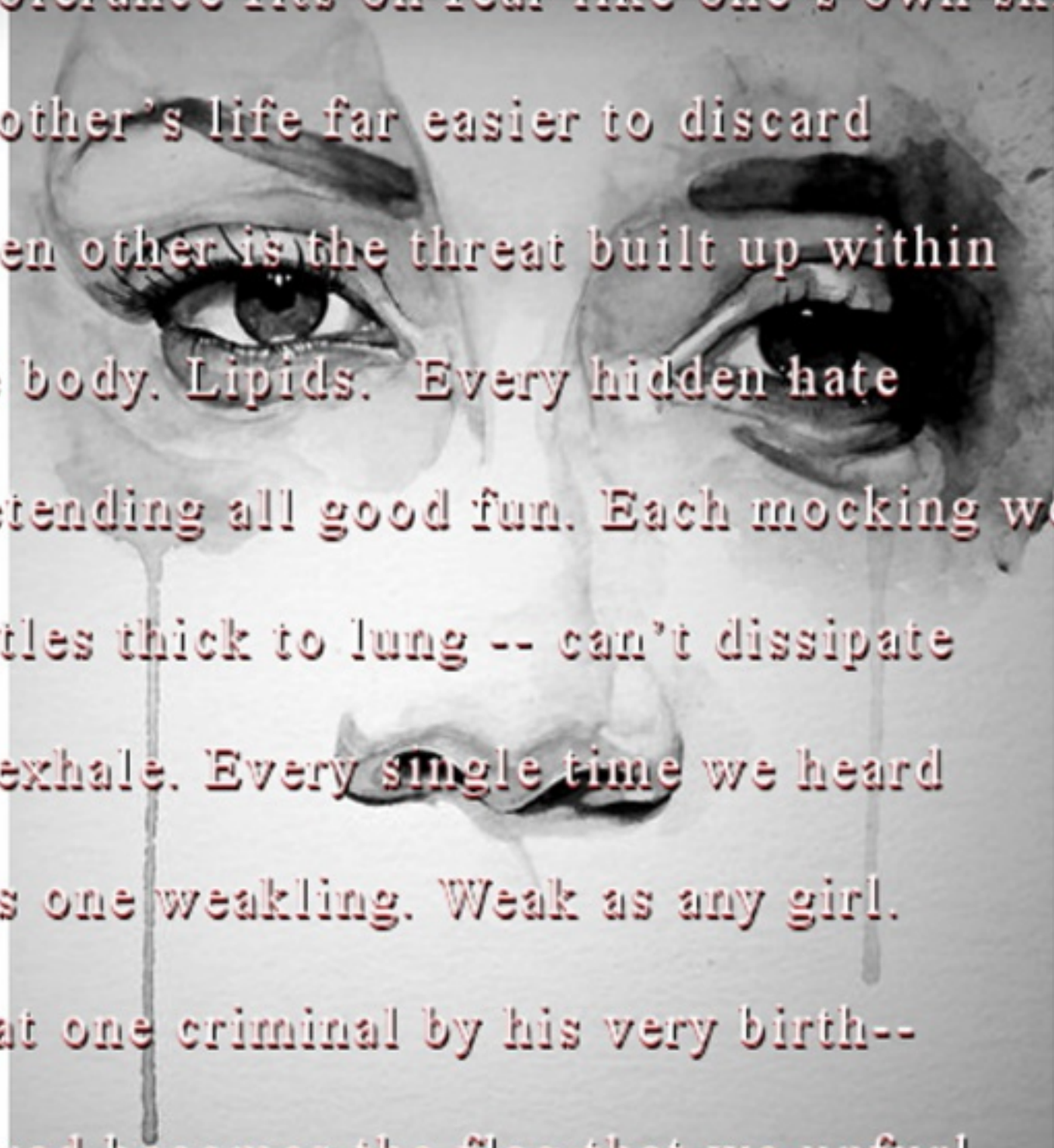
That one criminal by his very birth--

so red becomes the flag that we unfurl

our blood no longer vouches for its worth.

Becoming what we fear is how we tame

the monster of our own unuttered shame.



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